

LINCOLN STEFFENS HIS COLUMN

It cleared up brightly Monday after that rain we didn't have here. The Bay region got it, never so little; Northern California had an inch or so. There was a storm all right, and here in Carmel the wind, the sky and the weather behaved and looked like the American people after the election, just as if it had done something.

They are still fussing about the debt. The British Cabinet wanted to change its mind about the ability to pay. But the pound sterling went down, and showed that England expects to have to pay.

But that prominent precedent we shall want some day—to go bankrupt—is coming out of Europe. "The debt of this country—bonds, mortgages, bank loans and all other interest-bearing, amortized securities totals approximately two hundred eighteen billions of dollars." It takes about half our income to pay fixed charges on that. And that isn't all of our overhead, either.

No! They are wrong in asking for a third political party. It's a second party we need.

The Mooney Defense is concentrating on Matt Sullivan, the advisor of Governor Rolph. And Sullivan is a solemn soul, with no humor at all, at all. Just. Right.

The less mind they have, the more mental they are.

Asked to write something for the Community Chest, I refused. Of course. I knew better, don't I? Better than that, anyhow. Why should I run to fires in badly built houses with no insurance. This so-called "emergency" is permanent; unemployment is forever and ever. And no charity. But I did think of a better line than "Give." It is "Give Back." No charity in that and the poor could take it without shame or even gratitude; as they should anyhow.

— continued on page four

THE CARMELITE

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The Coming of the Rains

WITHIN THE DARK COOL SANCTITY OF DAWN
I WOKE TO PEACE. DRY SUMMER'S HANDS OF PAIN
HAD LOST THEIR DUSTY GRIP UPON THE LAND
BEFORE THE MIRACLE THAT MEN CALL RAIN.

I SAW THE LEAFAGE SHIVER WITH DELIGHT
AND SMELT FORGOTTEN FRAGRANCE ON THE FIELD.
THE PINES AROSE AND HYMNED THE LISTENING SKY
AFLAME WITH MUSIC SUDDENLY REVEALED.

I SAW THE RIVER WAKEN INTO SONG
AND BROOKS ARISE AND FOLLOW TO THE SEA.
A DANCE OF YELLOW LEAVES WENT DOWN THE WIND
LEAVING A STARKER BEAUTY WITH THE TREE.

FROM DEEP AND SECRET CHAMBERS OF THE HEART
A BIRD AROSE AND SPREAD LONG-FOLDED WINGS.
IT LEFT THE DARK, AND CLIMBED THE SLOPING RAIN
FAR OUT OF SIGHT. BUT LISTEN HOW IT SINGS!

—Dora Hagemeyer

ARDJA DANCERS OF BALI, AS DEPICTED IN LINOLEUM BY THE MERSHONS, WHO ARE TO SPEAK IN CARMEL DECEMBER TENTH ON THEIR TRAVEL EXPERIENCES



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LATEST ENROLLMENTS IN CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

Thirty-six members have been added to the roll of the Carmel Music Society since the last published list, two weeks ago. At this stage, indications point to a membership for the ensuing year in excess of any of the society's five previous seasons.

Eleven concerts are to be offered in the coming eight months—four major attractions in the winter series beginning January fourteenth, and seven concerts in the summer series. Season tickets for the entire series are available at eleven dollars; for the winter or for the summer program only at six dollars each.

Newly added members of the Society include:

Miss Frances Baker, Miss Hortense Berry, Mrs. Daisy Bostick, Mrs. Ernest Calley, Miss Eloise Carwyle, Miss Ethel DeWitt, Mrs. Fletcher Dutton, Mrs. Katherine P. Edson, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Elliott, Mrs. I. L. Etlinger, Mrs. Clair Foster, Mrs. William F. Halyard, Mrs. Harrison Hermann, Mrs. Arthur Hill, Dr. R. M. Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ingalls, Miss Margaret A. Jacks, Miss Marion Kingsland, Mr. Hermann Levinson, Mr. Homer Levinson, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Levinson, Master Homer Levinson, Mrs. Sophie Marshall, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. McCarthy, Mrs. Earl Midkiff, Miss M. deNeale Morgan, Miss Ellen O'Sullivan, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, Miss Ruth Thurman, Miss Saidee Van Brower, Mrs. A. Van Kaathoven, Mrs. Clarence W. Wentworth, Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, Dr. Clinton Wilson.

CARMEL PHOTOGRAPHERS IN SAN FRANCISCO EXHIBIT

Group f-64, an association of seven coast photographers, is holding an exhibition currently at the deYoung seum, San Francisco. Members of the group are Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Sonya Noskowiak, Imogen Cunningham, Willard Van Dyke, John Paul Edwards and Henry Swift.

THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 1, 1932

CAPITALISM AND WAR: AN INFORMAL DISCUSSION

(W. I. L. Correspondence)

In answer to the many inquiries from young thinkers in Carmel as to the relation between Capitalism and War, Lincoln Steffens will discuss the subject at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The meeting will be held at eight o'clock, Sunday evening, December fourth.

All interested in this subject are invited to attend this meeting, a special invitation being given to young people. This is the first of the season's meetings of the League and it will be followed by a series of talks and open discussions on present-day problems which confront the workers for peace, international good-will and economic stability.

Mr. Steffens' talk will be followed by an informal discussion.

CHRISTMAS BOOK PROGRAM AT CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Sarah Redington, club and school lecturer of Santa Barbara, will speak on Christmas books at the December meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club to be held next Monday afternoon at two-thirty in the Girl Scout House. The Book section of the club is in charge of arrangements. Non-members may attend at an admission of twenty five cents, all proceeds going to unemployment relief.

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

(Correspondence)

Distribution of milk for children in needy families is being continued by the Carmel chapter of the Red Cross.

Since May, the chapter has spent about forty-five dollars monthly on this form of relief. A total of over twenty-five hundred quarts of milk have been distributed.

Donations in the Milk Fund bottles during the summer aggregated about seventeen dollars.

NEW LENDING LIBRARY

Peter Burk, of the Carmel Drug Store, is offering bookish Carmelites further opportunity to read new books before they become old books. Mr. Burk has inaugurated a lending library, well-balanced and well-selected in its present state, with a plan for regular monthly additions of outstanding books. Titles suggested by patrons of the library will be obtained if of sufficient general interest.

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CARMEL PLAYERS GRADUATE TO "THE ROAD"

Following a successful four night run at the Community Playhouse, "The Streets of New York" is to be repeated Saturday night in the Pacific Grove High School Auditorium.

Galt Bell, directing the Community Players, showed again his sensitive ability in turning the pages of the old family album without too much smiling. Fine restraint marked the production, although inevitably its reception was various. Youngsters seemed to see only a laughable burlesque; oldsters laughed, but possibly to conceal something else.

A characterization of unusual distinction was given by Paula Dougherty. Equally outstanding was Olga Fish as a demure maiden, a really remarkable transition (on the amateur stage) from her Sadie Thompson in "Rain." Samuel Ethridge seemed less convincing than in "The Drunkard," but he did a consistently good piece of work withal. Ethridge appears fated to be Carmel's stock villain.

Connie Shuman was authentically in character as the haughty heiress; Stella Mather and Milton Latham did lesser parts in a manner that would stand close analysis; while Eugene Watson once more gave proof that the Community Players have been fortunate in getting him back into the acting fold. Jack Gribner, ex-vaudeville trouper and stage-wise, set a pace in timing not wholly maintained by the rest of the cast, but far from being a disconcerting note his speed was a valuable addition.

Gordon Knoles was slightly too "actory" for our liking, but the part permitted leeway in this direction. Bob Edgren, Jr., marched blandly through a half-dozen scenes, good but doubtless unaware of why he was good.

Helen Wilson all but "stole the show" on opening night with her between-the-acts songs.

Advance publicity gave prominence to the scenic effects worked out by Gretchen Schoeninger and the Johnsons.

The praise was not too lavish; in fact Gretchen Schoeninger's curtain deserves to be preserved.

ALLEN—LEWIS DANCE RECITAL TOMORROW NIGHT

Willette Allen and Russell Lewis appear tomorrow (Friday) evening at the Community Playhouse in a modern dance program.

Always a favorite in Carmel, Willette Allen now returns an exponent of the modern German school of the dance. Her followers here are particularly interested in comparing her former enthusiasm for the classical dance with her adaptation of the new idiom.

Russel Lewis is American born but has received most of his training in Europe. He is the first American dancer to have given a series of solo performances at the Paris Opera.

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THE CARMELITE

J. A. COUGHLIN — Editor and Publisher
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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

Lincoln Steffens---continued

It hurts, that Community Players performance of "The Streets of New York." Hemmed into an inside seat I couldn't get out till the intermission after the third act. Then I went darkly down the hill home wondering how people can take a classic like that, make fun of it and of all the sacred sentiments an older generation respected and responded to, sincerely; making villains ridiculous, heroes absurd, wronged poverty a rich joke and the initiative of rugged individualism a crime. This may be the end of an era, but the players of that play may be some day precedent to another generation to show up some of our best nobilities. I, for one, couldn't stand "poverty is no crime."

§

And there's Lady Astor laughing at motherhood! She's a mother, too; not only a Member of Parliament. She must think motherhood is its own reward.

§

A boy, getting a cow-boy hat for his birthday, wore it to bed the first night. Gently removing it as he slept, the native westerner struck home. Grown-ups take the anxieties to bed with them, kids their joys. I've seen a young human lying in a bed full of marbles, aeroplanes and trains of cars,—with a locomotive. What do they know that we have forgotten?

§

I must be a very exceptional old man. I don't resent, I am not the least jealous of the fun young people have; even in sex matters. I enjoy joy wherever I see or hear of it. But, then, I enjoy griefs too. Humans in sorrow are like children in tears. They'll both dry up by-an'-by.

§

The movies are changing, growing, looking for, if not finding, their stuff. "Blessed Events," shown here last week, is a picture built around the character and life of a columnist. "Life Begins," this week, was a sketch of human nature in a maternity ward. Both were

revelations and good art. And one hears that "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" is coming: a thrilling piece of muck-raking, that shows up conditions in Florida, yes, and Georgia, too; labor in the South.

§

Way up north in Vancouver is a newspaper named "The Sun," with an editor named Robert Cromie, who must represent an exceptional community. They are exceptional voices and yet, they succeed; they have circulation, business and profits. I have been reading "The Sun," on and off, for some time and wondering first at the intelligent courage and responsibility of the writers of it. I have come finally to wonder at the readers, and wish "we" had more like them. But now comes "The Sun" with a speech by the editor to an open meeting of the school teachers of Vancouver, saying the world is full of leaders who can't adjust themselves to the new economic order made necessary by

GETTING NEAR THE TRUTH?

Lincoln Steffens' wholesale challenge to debaters (The Carmelite, November seventeenth) is the subject of editorial comment by the San Francisco "News" under the caption "Impish Mr. Steffens":

"Writing weekly in The Carmelite, Mr. Steffens takes impish delight in provoking painful cerebration . . . Is Mr. Steffens sincere? Perish the thought! . . . He remarks: 'All sincere people are dumb; sincerity and stupidity go together. Intelligent folks are humorous, and, sometimes, humorists are intelligent, or, if not, at least cynical.'

"In a town that began twenty years ago as an artists' protest against Philistinism but survived to give Hoover a heavy majority in 1932, Mr. Steffens must be a pain in the neck to a lot of his fellow-citizens."

A day or two later the correspondence columns of the "News" had the following communication from A. T. Masters:

"You mention the evolution of Carmel from an artists' colony to a town that gives Hoover a majority. Carmel has become just one more California mecca for prosperous retired people, who are always conservative. What few writers or artists are left serve only to advertise the place and help sell real estate. Those Carmel pioneers, Jack London and George Sterling, would leave on the first bus if they were to drop in there today."

THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 1, 1932

machinery, and world progress is being blocked by these minds that will not, or can not, make that adjustment: "It is up to the schools and universities to turn out students who can approach economic and social problems with open minds; who have been taught to think rather than to memorize. The world has learned to produce on a mass-ed scale. It must now learn to distribute on a parallel scale." Teachers and editors are the leaders who must make the Turn.

I know Cromie. He's a serious, smiling young man who flies all over the world, tempting with his mental eagerness all men to tell him things. And he knows men and things. He's a reporter. A Britisher, he admires the ability of the British to make such social and economic adjustments as would make revolution in England unnecessary.

"Because, after all," he says in this speech, "a revolution is nothing but a piling up of things undone, an accumulation of maladjustments through not understanding the past and being unable to anticipate the future."

So speaks Robert Cromie in "The Sun," and Vancouver reads and—will not be surprised.

§

In Sacramento, where I lived all my boyhood, I had again the queer experience of looking into good, old, shy faces and seeing practically through all them to the laughing faces of pretty girls and bad boys. The same revelation I had when, at last one day, I saw through John Catlin's countenance to the kid I used to know and play with. They are there, those kids, in all old faces, I guess. Only one doesn't see them unless they are memories.

§

John Catlin, blacksmith and Mayor, would have liked to see the humor and hear the affection expressed for him in his old boyhood town of Sacramento as I got it.

§

Mrs. Clay Miller, my neighbor on the south, wants me to judge her and her character, by her place in Menlo, which is said to be a masterpiece in gardening, etc. I refuse. I think of her and I'm going to go on thinking of her as she expresses herself in her garden next door to mine. No matter how unloving that is or how just.

§

The earth and the flowers, the thirsty bush and the eager trees, and the sky, and I, we are getting ready for a rain. And will it be satisfying! (And didn't they get it!—Ed.)

A Scholar's Rebellion

WORLD CHAOS—*The Responsibility of Science*, by WILLIAM McDUGALL, F.R.S. (Covici-Friede, New York).

Reviewed for *The Carmelite* by CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

Dr. William McDougall is to British psychology what the Archbishop of Canterbury is to the Church of England. British psychology is as dignified as the Church itself. The Church, cold and aloof, admits the existence of sin, but deprecates its being and does not wish to discuss it; and British psychology takes the same attitude toward sex. Instincts are rude manifestations that would remind us of our animal origin, rather than our heavenly goal; and the British psychologists prefer to call a pattern of behavior a sentiment when they can, rather than an instinct. To me the word sentiment goes with anti-macassars and pulse-warmers, buttered toast carefully cooled, and the morning journal carefully warmed, wicker pony-carts with governesses in them, lace and lavender, Punch, and all manner of delightful things. With all these, the psychological writings of Dr. McDougall harmonize in my mind; and though he is the very *Pontifex Maximus* of his school, and as such entitled to a respect from me that I gladly render him as his just due, I have also pictured him, when not carrying his robes of honor, as a very charming English gentleman.

Now it happens that the psychological school to which I give adherence—that of Jung—ruins one for being a gentleman. You may be a gentleman when you arrive in Zurich; but if you stay there one year, you will get over it. I stayed six.

We of Zurich talk of a man's becoming "identified with his *persona*." This sounds complicated, but it is not. It means simply that one who happens to be a lawyer, a clergyman, actor, or a gentleman may come to think of himself solely in this role. When this happens, he is always living a part: the *persona* was the mask worn by the actor on the classic Greek stage; he spoke through it, and it indicated to the audience what part he was playing. When a man becomes identified with a role he limits himself to that role; he is nothing more than the role he plays; hence he is less than a man. For a man needs to play many parts in this complicated world. To be a man is far greater than to be a gentleman. When I read Dr. McDougall's "World Chaos"

I knew at once that the author had broken away from his *persona*, had transcended being merely a gentleman. *Pontifex Maximus* can heave a brick with the best of us, let me tell you. The Archbishop of British Psychology has fists, and can use them.

I must bury my personal disappointment in my admiration—disappointment quite natural in view of the fact that Dr. McDougall wrote a long review of my "Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization" a while ago for an exceedingly erudite English magazine; and in it he said that my biological thought was Lamarckian. It might perhaps be taken as a left-handed compliment when one psychologist attacks another, not on the grounds they both know something about, but upon a side issue which no one knows much about (the cause of biological variations) in a different scientific field. More especially when Dr. McDougall was aware that a slip in biology did not affect my main argument, which was that fundamental human nature (however it got that way) is above all unwarlike and co-operative, with the tacit implication that a competitive social order is abnormal because in violation of human nature. But when Dr. D. T. MacDougall, of Carmel, who knows a very great deal about biology, assured me that he had found no trace of Lamarckianism in me, I felt better; and I promised to give myself the pleasure of reviewing Dr. William McDougall's next book. Other psychologists have said that Dr. McDougall was naive; but I was going to call him something far more damning, something that would show at once why he could never hope to understand the infernal pits of human nature where mutilated souls writhe in agony. I was going to call him a gentleman.

But "World Chaos" simply cuts the ground from beneath my feet. It is neither naive nor gentle. It is the best thing Dr. McDougall has ever written, the outcry of an indignant—yes, furious—man, who bellows his hoarse challenge to battle. It is a good sign when men of trained minds are shaken from their scholarly aloofness, quit squinting through their microscopes, and rush to take their parts in the tumult, to give and take fierce blows. The world is aflame, and if the fires are not brought under control the cloistered laboratories will soon be smouldering wreckage along with the rest of civilization. Events are now "outside the control of any man and any government and any

country," recently said a member of the high command in the epoch which is now drawing to a close. This man Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England.

Dr. McDougall's attack is upon the devotees of those sciences that most appeal to the really scientific mind, the results of which translated into practical application have created the machine age. I hope there will be someone among these hitherto selfish, blind and lurking scholars who will either answer him or, better, awaken himself from sleep and call his drowsy brothers to arms. The physical sciences are the easy sciences; almost anybody with a fair mind and a great quantity of conventionalized study can do well in them. And doing just reasonably well, he will be rewarded out of all proportion to his accomplishment. He will have vast laboratories with incredibly costly apparatus furnished him; great universities will set him in places of honor; great foundations will give him ample financial support while he spends years listing the reactions that argon will not perform; and the end of it is a grammarian's funeral for him, for if he did not find the lost digamma he did at least search for it for half a century. Or rather, the end of it will be an Einstein looking like a cherubic simpleton while he talks about women (of whom he seems to know absolutely nothing) or an Eddington spouting sickening slop about his pseudo-religious sentimentalisms. Contrast the case of the psychologist: he frequently works with no financial support; he is fully aware that psychology is far from being a science in the sense that chemistry is; he cannot put a human being into a test-tube, but must struggle with illogical shadows in a miasmic jungle of intangibles; and hardly ever does even the economist give any indication that he so much as knows that psychology exists, that human nature exists. Men rightly praise the devotion of a Gorgas, but they forget Silberer and Gross and a host of others. No other field of research, not even tropical medicine, has trapped and killed such a high proportion of its explorers as has psychology.

Dr. McDougall pays his disrespects, after telling what he thinks of the Nero fiddlers of pure science, especially to the economists. These specialists discuss the "laws" of supply and demand, of wage, rent, and so forth. Not only do most of them fail to perceive that all these things have their sole existence

—continued on page six

WORLD CHAOS *concluded*

as human tools created to serve in the intercourse of man with man, so that the laws of them must be purely psychological, but they even go so far as to make neat scientific theories about how these economic factors should invariably act; and then they innocently remark that the laws of economics do not always operate because of the cranky quirks of human nature. Gold ought to behave in a certain way, say

the economists, and if it does not it is the fault of human nature. Who's loony now? Gold does not behave at all until men get hold of it: it just lies in rock or sand, and does nothing. But when men get gold, then the men begin to behave according to a rather definite pattern, and the women even more so. Economics should be treated as a branch of psychology. It is by taking account of man only as a mythical robot called "economic man" that the dismal science has, as H. G. Wells points out, "produced a literature ten thousand times as bulky, dreary, and foolish as all the outpourings of the medieval schoolmen."

It seems to me that no one who thinks at all clearly can fail to recognize that not only economics, but all the sciences of man as a social being, are branches of psychology. "We may hope to attain the much needed understanding in time to avert the ultimate, and probably the rapid, decline of our civilization only if we take in hand, energetically and with resources at least equal to those hitherto devoted to physical sciences, systematic research in the sciences of man and society. Time presses, and I have written with ruthless disregard of the feelings of my scientific colleagues." Of course research in psychology should be amply financed—there Dr. McDougall is correct. But, as Dr. McDougall has been ruthless with his colleagues, let me be brutally frank with him: Does he for one moment imagine that his "Social Psychology" or any other book on psychology, furnishes the data upon which a social order might be built that would better

THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 1, 1932

fit the nature and inherent needs of man, or reaches any conclusions that might even serve to alleviate the social order in which we find ourselves?

There is nothing helpful in Dr. McDougall's psychological writings, so far as I can remember, nothing at all. It is all academic stuff. His psychological man (except, perhaps, in his "Abnormal Psychology") is a psychological robot, just as much as the economic man is a robot. No psychologist in the English-speaking world reaches a greater audience, I think, than Dr. McDougall; and he well knows that the great question in economics and the social sciences today is, toward what goal? Should we strive to preserve the capitalistic regime, with its doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and its thesis that mankind will work only under the knout of economic insecurity? Or might we march toward a different social order, one based upon economic security for all, without fear that human nature itself would fail us? Is man fundamentally warlike and competitive, or is he fundamentally peaceful and co-operative?


Men of trained minds, men who can think straight, have no right to skulk in their tents today. Dr. McDougall, I feel, is in the battle to stay until it is won or lost. "World Chaos" has a splendid fighting quality in it. It sings in the blood.

KENNETH SPENCER'S SECOND CARMEL RECITAL

The return engagement of Kenneth Spencer, negro bass singer, was equally as successful as the first. The audience found itself responding wholeheartedly to the vibrant quality of this voice. Emotional truth is perhaps its keynote. Beauty is the necessary outcome of this truth.

Among the favorite numbers on the program were the readings "Listen Lord" (a prayer) and "Creation" from James Wheldon Johnson's book "God's Trombones." Kenneth Spencer is an actor. He moves his audience to wonder, pity, or laughter at will—and he holds them there by his own clear identity with the subject before him.

Certain humorous rhythmic numbers such as "Lil' David Play on Yo' Harp," and "Get on Board, Little Children," were particularly delightful. In the singing of "Lindy Lou" which he gave by special request Kenneth Spencer revealed a range of dramatic ability and power to please. "Go Down Moses" and "Crucifixion" contained his richest singing.—D. H.



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RECORDED MUSIC

Reviewed by T. HAROLD GRIMSHAW

It is passing strange that among complete opera recordings the latest to appear on the lists is none other than Verdi's ever popular "La Traviata." Perhaps it has been reserved for this Christmas season for it is in the December releases that it appears. Whatever has been the reason for delay it more than makes up in excellence. The same recording done by the industrious and always capable La Scala organization has been available in England for a year under the H. M. V. label, and in that country it was received with enthusiasm. This release is in some ways the best yet, for the clearness of the recording and the balance between singers and orchestra is delightful. There are no mechanical blemishes in the grooves and no waviness; and each character is well cast. The Violetta is Anna Rozca, unknown here, but certainly an artist of superior judgment and exquisite voice. Alfred is sung by Alessandro Ziliani and is pretty nearly everything Alfred Germont should be. The dying episode in Act III. (always a crucial test) is alike touching and beautiful without excess.

The album is the Victor Masterpiece M-112 and contains thirteen discs with attractive libretto.

Victor has always been good to the Wagnerians, but they are a hungry company always crying out for more. This Christmas these hungry ones will be made happy indeed, for the unique and unapproachable Tristan is given for once a place in the sun. The musician's music-drama, for such Tristan is supremely, has been given sparse attention in the catalogs with the exception of the third act album. It is to the lasting credit of Leopold Stokowski and the Victor company that we are just now offered the "Prelude, Love-Night and Love-Death" from Tristan and Isolde in a symphonic synthesis of rare beauty. Whatever criticism can justly be made as to the arrangement, the playing and the recording is a work of art. The famous Philadelphia Symphony with many fine discs to its credit never did better work, and followers of the immortal Richard will bless the recorders for their superb accomplishment. (Victor Masterpiece M-154.)

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THERE is no doubt about it—no man likes the chore of fuel carrying, fire building and waste disposal that hand-fired heating equipment demands. It is an especially disagreeable task when a dead fire demands attention after one has had a hard day's work in office, shop, or field.

Get rid of fire stoking and stove cleaning. Heat your home the clean, convenient, modern way, with Controlled Gas heat that gives to every room even "Comfort Zone" warmth at a finger's touch of electric button, key, or automatic thermostat.

The difficult heating season is with us now, months of "Cold Peak" weather. Perhaps last winter you fired up your present heating plant to the limit, but still the house was cold. Change now to gas heating equipment and presto! an abundance of heat is yours to command. Economical, clean heat flowing into every room of your house without worry or work.

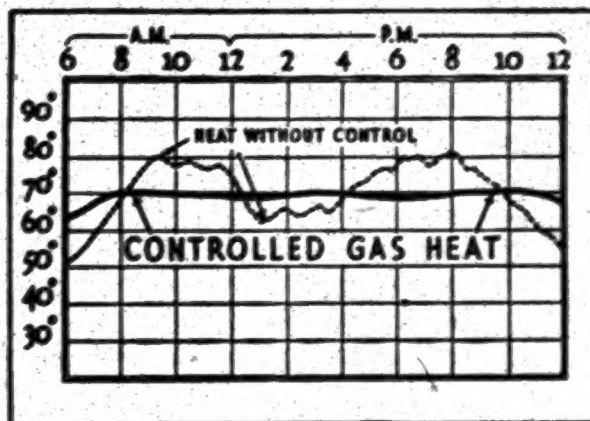
Won't you investigate the type of gas heating equipment your home needs? Ask a representative of this company or consult your local gas heating dealer, and have them give you an estimate for gas heating equipment in your home. Only a small cash deposit is necessary while the balance may be spread over a long period of time.



Natural Gas will maintain this "Comfort Zone" at low cost

CONTROLLED HEAT

With gas fuel you can have maximum heat instantly available and keep it regulated to any temperature desired. Controlled heat from gas heating equipment is possible by merely turning a valve or handle, by pressing a button to get high, low or medium heat, or by setting an electric thermostat to automatically maintain any desired temperature.



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PAGE EIGHT

A CARMEL LECTURE ON
"THE ENCHANTED ISLE"

Did you ever chew betel-nut and sirih until red water ran from your mouth, or see a woman take a bath in a ditch, or have a ghost in your rice field, or have your butler serve a formal dinner in his bare feet? If not, you will smile with delight to hear The

Mershons tell how these things happened to them in their home in Bali. Bali, a small island off the coast of Java, has not yet been spoiled by all the ills our civilized life has brought upon us. The Mershons went there for a month and stayed nearly a year. They are to give a conversational lecture with Cine films and Gamelan music at the

THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 1, 1932

Denny-Watrous Gallery on the evening of December tenth.

Mrs. Mershon will be remembered here as Katharine Edson, the dancer, for some years connected with the Pasadena Community Playhouse and the daughter of Mrs. Katherine Philips Edson of Carmel. Mr. Mershon is a designer of textiles and has brought to this country a very unusual collection of fabrics from Bali, Java and the Far East. The exhibition of fabrics, Balinese arts and crafts will be on display at the Gallery.

How to keep house in a tropical land using a foreign language, Malay, is one of the most amusing tales in The Mershons chat about Bali. The problem of what to do when you discover that you have more relatives among the natives than all the family tree at home is another delightful incident. These enthusiasts of Bali promise full description of native dances, festivals and the great significance that the Balinese religion plays in the every day life of the people. Mr. Mershon has made some Cine films of religious ceremonies that are one of the most interesting features of his pictures. Guests may be free to ask any questions in this conversational lecture.

A DRAMA VENTURE

The newly-formed Theatre League opens with its first San Francisco offering at the Curran Theatre next Monday evening. "Brief Moment" is the play, from the pen of S. N. Behrman, author of "The Second Man," which Galt Bell produced in Carmel.

Patterned after the Theatre Guild in the East, the Theatre League has been organized by a group of drama enthusiasts in the South, with the object of restoring legitimate stage attractions to towns in the West which, due to the passing of "the road," are being deprived of the spoken drama. Pasadena is the producing center, where under direction of Gilmor Brown, the plays will be first staged at Pasadena Playhouse after which they will be taken to cities and towns where subscription groups have been formed sponsoring their visits.

CARMEL IN HOLLYWOOD

Gloria Stuart continues her conquest of Hollywood. Upon her return last week from New York where she flew to attend the opening of "Air Mail," she was informed that her seventh featured lead this year will be opposite Lew Tracey in "Private Jones." Later she will be "loaned" to R-K-O for the Lionel Barrymore picture "Sweepings."



Again Southern Pacific offers reduced excursion roundtrips for Christmas trips back East. Choose from three scenic routes, and these famous *no extra fare* trains—"Sunset Limited" via New Orleans, "Golden State Limited" via El Paso and Kansas City, "San Francisco Overland Limited" straight across the continent.

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